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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, MARCH 16, 1899. NUMBER 3.

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Thick is the darkness—
Sunward, O sunward!
Rough is the highway—
Onward, still onward!

Dawn harbours surely
East of the shadows.
Facing us somewhere
Spread the sweet meadows.

Upward and forward!
Time will restore us:
Light is above us,
Rest is before us.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1899. NUMBER 3.

"How do you suppose I could injure my boy?" said a mother to Theodore Parker. "Give him everything he wants and he is ruined," said the stern moralist, the man who told us "to warm our hands in the snow," "that New England grew by neglect," and taught us to "pity the man who had nothing but prosperity to show for his life."

A speaker at the last Merchants' Club dinner said that the abolishment of the outrageous mixed system of town, city and county government, by which Chicago taxpayers support a horde of useless tax eaters, "cannot be done away with for political reasons." The speaker at one time stood back of an employe in the water office, who, according to responsible witnesses, had been caught in embezzlement, and forced to make restitution, and whose subsequent retention in office was due to "political reasons."

The people do not care for that sort of "political reasons" and will not tolerate them. Let them find what is right and reasonable and just and insist on it, and "political reasons" will rush to their assistance. For "political reasons" are chances for jobs and nothing else.

Chicago seems sure to enter upon the new civic year with a large, honest majority in the city council. This is due to the uprising of the people to meet the issues forced upon them by the intolerable conditions of government by purchase. Speaking from deep and hard experience and out of the pit of former disappointments, we assure our readers of this result. The days of civic grand larceny and highway robbery are gone by, if only the people of Chicago maintain their vigilance at the polls and between elections. But the work is only begun.

With the elimination of the fear of the sort of robbery we have fought so long, comes in the hope of valiant constructive work along many lines and an obliteration of even the suspicion of scandal in the business office of the municipality, and, above all, a sane and a thorough interpretation under the law of the merit system in public employment.

It is reported in the Chicago *Tribune* that Secretary Alger has decided that the wording of the anti-liquor selling clause in the army bears only on the personnel of the barkeepers. The section follows:

"That no officer or private soldier shall be detailed to sell intoxicating drinks as a bartender or otherwise in any post exchange or canteen, nor shall any other person be required or allowed to sell such liquors in any encampment or fort or any premises used for military purposes by the United States, and the Secretary of War is hereby directed to issue such general order as may be necessary to carry the provisions of this section into full force and effect."

The language does not bear out the interpretation of the great war secretary, under authority of which interpretation he is said to be casting about for civilian barkeepers. There is no reason to doubt the import and intent of the law as quoted. It was clearly aimed at the "canteen," and how Mr. Eagan's friend can evade it, is hard to see. Doctors agree that physical endurance is highest where no alcohol is used. General Greene ascribed the splendid condition of his troops when they reached the Philippines to their long abstention from alcohol.

The cowboy does his work on water and wrecks himself on whisky. In the occupation, of soldier, where discipline holds and where life depends more on care of body than in all others, there seems no excuse for "social" alcohol.

The age, rank, color or condition of servitude of the barkeeper does not seem worth legislating about. Have the temperance people been hoodwinked or does the secretary make the law?

In our Liberal churches we preserve the beautiful custom of christening babes and of ordaining ministers. Perhaps some day we shall see men bring their railroad bonds and other evidences of unearned increment to the altar to be dedicated, not to leave them there to be squandered, but to take them away to invest them, use them so that two talents may become four and five talents ten. The time may come when with sacred song and prayer we shall ordain the banker, the railroad president and the manager of oil trusts, if thereby he may recognize the sublime ethical significance of his trusteeship.

The beef investigation proceeds and in the right way. At first there came a fear of the free use of the whitewash brush. But the facts are coming out.

There seemed something of the absurd in the commission's visit to the stockyards and the investigation of what Mr. Armour, with nice clean cap and snowy apron, was cooking on his well-polished stove. Delicious odors of green turtle soup and *pate de foie gras* came from the kettles where pigs and calves were boiling.

The other packers were putting prize cattle into cans; of course they were. What else could they be doing? And all this time there was the testimony of soldiers at the front that much of the canned "roast" beef was slimy, nauseating stuff and was indignantly refused by the starving Cuban dogs.

The advertising matter which states that the beef extract contains the nutritious qualities of the beef, coupled with the fact that the extract is taken from the "roast beef" furnished the troops, makes an interesting exhibit.

The mellifluous voice of Eagan is hushed. He can afford to be quiet on full pay. General Miles is com-

ing out with flying colors as the defender of his troops.

But we are being clearly shown that somewhere was criminal ignorance, or more probably criminal fraud. May the chickens get home to roost. The cry, "Remember the Maine," breathed the spirit of vengeance, but may the cry, "Remember the beef," be shouted from the housetops until the responsibility for this awful wickedness is placed where it belongs. The soldiers were neither unpatriotic nor un-American because of their nausea, and the "dirty teamsters" of Georgia, Cuba and Porto Rico were not responsible for canned sickness.

Municipal Platforms.

As the election for mayor of Chicago approaches it is of interest to note the developments of correct ideals among the voters, and there is no place where such ideals are more clearly reflected than in the Republican platform of the year. The mirror held up by the party is stained with the old-time smutches of a partisanship on national lines, which has no legitimate place in the conducting of city business, but the two planks on civil service and franchise matters are clear and definite.

After the disgust occasioned by national irrelevancies and praise of the unspeakable Tanner it is grateful to read what follows:

"The streets of Chicago are public highways. They belong to the people and exist for their use. They should only be used by public service corporations on payment of full compensation for their use to the people. All grants and extensions of franchises to these corporations should more carefully than heretofore guard and protect public rights, with due regard for private interests. All such grants should be made for short periods, in no case exceeding twenty years. They should provide for adequate service at reasonable rates and for full compensation to the city. Extensions of existing street railway licenses or franchises, if made, should expressly provide that all subsequent grants within the term shall expire at the same time, and that the people shall, on their expiration, if they so desire, be entitled to purchase the tangible property required and used in the operation of the roads at its then value for railroad purposes. Provision should first be made for reduced fares, especially during the rush hours, and for school children, and then for special services and cash payments to the city, making in all full compensation for the valuable privileges granted.

"We renew our allegiance to the reform of municipal affairs by the application of the principles of civil service reform. We demand that the law embodying those principles, enacted by a Republican legislature and adopted by the people of Chicago by an overwhelming vote, be given a fair trial. The merit system of appointment to public positions and places is intended to secure to all, without regard to party, creed or 'pull,' the fundamental right of every man to compete for public employment, and to enable the people to obtain good service. The civil service law, when fairly and honestly enforced, will secure these ends."

The present mayor will have as strong a plank on franchise matters, and all believe he will live up to it; he has been tried. But who will write his civil service plank and who will enforce it? Governor Altgeld will stand strong enough on franchise questions and he will go in with a clear, definite outline of policy and will doubtless stand for the merit system as he stood for it in Springfield. His danger seems to be that in trying to outdo his competitors in franchise matters he may promise the impossible.

We shall not predict anything, but shall see what we shall see. When the returns are in it will be pleasant to print in our column of "Curiosities" those platform excrescences which shallow politicians still imagine sway the average vote of Chicago. Which party will win the prize we offer for aggregate of words without sense.

My Country, Right or Wrong.

This caption is the excuse for heedless advocacy of things as they are. It is always bad in pure ethics, just as a lie is always bad. There are times when, in the face of grave dangers, that it seems forgivable, just as *seems* any other lie. But at present the excuse is pitiable.

Our country is in no danger from foreign foes. It is ours absolutely to decide what we shall do in the eastern sea. Our treatment of the Philippines is a great, open, debatable question, and the man who opposes foreign conquest as wrong, and tropical conquest as foolish in addition to being wrong, is not a traitor, but one who has a right to be heard. In the course of a war begun for human amelioration we have drifted and drifted into the troubled sea of "World Power" and "World Dominion." We have drifted far out and beyond the theory of representative government, and, as the McEnery resolution proved, our Senate had sense enough to see and recognize that fact.

But who constitutes "Our Country, Right or Wrong?" If an invading force threatened our territory and the heritage of our children, however the trouble should have arisen, the answer would be simple—"all of us." But as matters stand it is a question of policy in which all have a right to be heard. The President admits it in every speech he has made; he wishes the verdict of the people—the whole people—on the course he is pursuing. We do not believe that "our country" contains nothing but warriors and expansionists. We find few men of steady, sound thinking who believe in tropical colonies. We believe that just as the light of religious tolerance has shown less necessity for missionary work in foreign fields and greater need for neighborly helpfulness at home, so our prime duties to civilization are in the ward, the city, the county, the state, and, through them, in the nation whose flag we honor because it speaks liberty.

We are proud of the devotion of our soldiers and sailors; we glory in their prowess; we share with the wildest jingo the honor they bestow upon American manhood, and then we are saddened that the cause for which they loyally fill the meed of devotion seems to us not the cause of liberty, but the cause of conquest.

"My Country, Right or Wrong." Suppose we con-

sider the question an open one as it is, and set out to make our country right in the foreign trouble of today, and then in the peace that follows make it right at home. We are forgetting Tammany and Quay and Tanner in the pursuit of Philippinos and the acquisition of water buffaloes and enteric fever.

Election of Senator.

The advocates of the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people have been furnished with many arguments this winter. In California, Montana and Pennsylvania charges of bribery have been openly made against senatorial candidates and legislative investigations into the charges have established enough to show the danger of subjecting small bodies of men to the temptation which seems to be readily furnished by conscienceless rich men and rapacious party machines. In the pocket borough of Delaware, where the notorious "Gas" Addicks is a candidate, it has apparently not been thought necessary to try to establish obvious facts by an investigation. The fact that John R. Tanner is in control of the Republican machine in this state, which is always most potent with many politicians of the type who reach our legislature, is enough to make all of the people of this state desirous of a voice in the selection of the next United States senator. The election of the United States senators by our legislature is the most demoralizing factor in all efforts to improve the personnel of that body. Men who feel strongly upon national questions are continually induced to support unworthy candidates for the legislature solely because they will vote for senators who represent their views in national affairs. The division of the members of the legislature upon party lines, except in the election of United States senators, is as senseless as the division of the city council of Chicago upon those lines. The normal division in the legislature and in the city council is the real division which is made upon every important question. Competency and honesty are always arrayed against ignorance and boodle. Take away the election of our national senators from our legislatures and the independent voter, upon local and state issues, will be able to throw his influence for the honest and competent legislator, and the balance of power of the independent voter is our continually increasing safeguard.

W. C. B.

Kipling and Peace.

Mr. Kipling has been hailed by many as peculiarly the poet of the sober basic sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon people. Many of his poems, notably "The Recessional," seem to us to entitle him to that fame. But as all Jupiters have nodded at times so it seems to us that Mr. Kipling in "The Truce of the Bear" had touched but the ephemeral sentiment of the least noble part of the English people. Our estimate of this poem is strengthened by the reports which come to us of the widespread interest in England in the peace crusade, which was started by the Czar's recent manifesto, calling for the decrease of armaments, and is working up to the international conference soon to be held at the Hague. We hear that the peace crusade is received with great enthusiasm by all classes of the people and is dignified by the active coöperation of the leaders of English thought in church and state. It is at least unfortunate and certainly discouraging that the Right Honorable George J. Goschen, England's first lord of the admiralty, has thought it necessary or wise to ask, in the naval estimate for the coming year, for the largest expenditure for naval purposes in the history of England. The grand total naval expenditures asked for aggregate $132,970,000. The expenditures contemplated will increase the personnel of the navy to a total of 110,640 men, who are withdrawn from the productive, useful callings of life to keep England prepared for the barbaric institution of war, and who must be supported by the always over-taxed producing classes of England. Although the tonnage of England's navy exceeds that of any three of the continental powers combined, yet she has at present in course of construction twelve battleships, twenty-two armored cruisers and forty-six torpedo boat destroyers, with many more contemplated by the naval budget lately published. Another discouraging feature of this naval estimate is the prediction by the London correspondents that it will be adopted with practical unanimity by Parliament. This is the answer of most Christian and most civilized England to the Czar's peace manifesto. Our ministers at St. Petersburg and other trustworthy authorities have given their evidence that the Czar is honest and sincere in his effort to relieve Europe from the ever-increasing weight of military expenses. England is Russia's rival and only peer in the great struggle for supremacy in territory and power. The coöperation of the statesmen of England seems, therefore, absolutely necessary if the Czar is to continue his blessed work for smaller armaments and the increased use of arbitration as the proper tribunal before which to settle international differences. "The Truce of the Bear" seems certainly to voice the suspicion of the ruling classes of England, and their want of faith in the sincerity of the Russian emperor. We are loath to believe that it voices the sober second thought of the people of England upon this most important question.

W. C. B.

The State's Liability to Its Children.

Chicago probably has more juvenile arrests than any other American city. It is said that in proportion to her population there are three times as many boys arrested in Chicago as in Boston, and one and one-half times as many as in New York. When we cast about for a reason for this excess we are compelled to believe that it is chiefly due to the failure of the Illinois law to provide for children for whom adequate parental care has failed or who are for any reason just slipping into a criminal life. The ruinous effects of our neglect can be found in every county in the state—they are only more spectacular in Cook County, by which we can most easily illustrate. There are twelve police courts in Chicago, with twenty-four justices, all of whom may have children's cases brought before them. These twenty-four justices, granting that all are equally conscientious, have varying standards of responsibility and punishment and no

uniformity of treatment is possible. One justice sends boys habitually on small fines of three to five dollars, while another, for the same offenses, imposes fines which keep the offenders one hundred or one hundred and fifty days in the city prison. Some justices send many boys to the city prison, others send seldom or never. Boys appear and reappear in various police stations, so that the same boy is sent to the Bridewell by various justices and for differing periods, all necessarily without regard to the lad's previous history. In Chicago the John Worthy School is a part of the city prison, and the boy, if he could be kept there with the incentive of an indeterminate sentence, might be reformed rather than demoralized. Thus far the city prison sentence everywhere means association with adult criminals or with the worst of boy criminals, and carries the certainty that the child must leave as bad, or worse, than he enters.

The general failure cannot be illustrated better than by a note made by a police official on the report of juvenile cases before a single court in the last year. The report showed 1,200 cases of boys under 18 (it must be borne in mind that there are twelve such courts in Chicago) and it also showed that over one-third of the cases had been discharged or dismissed. The note was as follows: "A great many of the young men in the foregoing list were found guilty of the charges against them, but as there was no place to confine them they had to be turned out again."

If a child can be adjudged dependent by the county judge he can be sent to an industrial school, but it is very difficult to obtain commitments, because the schools are absolutely unable to take care of all the children who should be sent to them, and because the law provides a payment of $10 monthly by the counties to the schools for each child, and the county authorities are very unwilling to incur this liability for an indefinite period. The justice cannot send to the industrial school; the county judge can do nothing else; the child is adjudged dependent. There is a story told of a judge in one of the central counties who declined to send a boy to the industrial school on the ground of expense, but said, "O, well, let him run. He will soon do something for which he can be sent to Pontiac. That is a state institution and won't cost the county anything." This is a frank expression of what, tactily acknowledged or ignored, goes on constantly. The child is buffeted about from court to court until the period of reform is too often past.

A measure now before the legislature, known as the Chicago Bar Association's Bill, is an effort to place legislation for neglected children upon a reasonable basis, and while it leaves some things to be desired, it offers a remedy for the most serious defects which now exist.

The bill provides for one central juvenile court, presided over by a judge or judges of the circuit court, before which all cases of neglected and delinquent children may be taken. The judge is empowered to commit to any state institution or industrial school, or placing-out society, or to a reputable private citizen, or to a parole officer, or to a city prison or to Pontiac or Geneva, but no commitment can be made for a period beyond the minority of the child. This provision enables the judge to do away with the hateful system of fines and the short, stated sentences which have been long recognized as demoralizing for adult criminals, though still retained for impressionable children. The judge must take into account all the circumstances of the child's life and history, and with or without a jury, as may be demanded, must make such disposition as seems best for the child. The court is impowered to appoint probation officers, to whose supervision a child may be confided, and who shall assist the court by investigating the previous history of the child, so that an intelligent decision may be possible. Associations for placing children in family homes are recognized and made subject to the supervision of the State Board of Charities. These are the salient features of a measure which certainly looks toward a wiser and more humane treatment of those who should be in fact, as they are in theory, wards of the state.

JULIA E. LATHROPE.

Courage.

A friend proves false, another dies,
Black clouds hang over social skies,
A little child we love grows cold,
Pleasure turns pain, and Hope is old.

Fast, hard and cold, falls trouble down,
Like hail upon a mountain's crown,
Justice seems deaf, as well as blind,
And *Self* is ruling all mankind.

Not so: Stand firm, be brave, be true,
Fling out your banner; start anew,
Write courage on it, clear and bold,
Hope in the heart cannot grow old.

Look up: The darkest sky but hides
The altar where the sun abides,
False friends, false words, the better prove,
The glorious truth of changeless love.

Be brave: Good soldiers face the fire;
Brave men who fall will still aspire,
No harm can come to me, to you,
For God still reigns: Be brave, be true.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

Correspondence.

THE CONGRESS AT LAPEER.

DEAR UNITY:—The Congress of Religions is the talk of our little city. All are happy. Congratulations come from the most unexpected sources, orthodox, Protestants, Catholics, agnostics—all join in saying Lapeer never experienced anything before that brought the people of all beliefs so closely together. As the Congress drew to a close the people seemed more and more to catch the Congress idea and the spirit of the great prophetic movement. I had great faith, from the inception of the idea of holding a Congress in Lapeer, in the outcome of the seemingly large undertaking, but it went far beyond my most hopeful dreams.

The Rev. H. B. Bard of Lansing gave a magnificent address, and, like Mr. Illman the morning before, delighted the people, who put forth the extra effort that enabled them to be present at the morning sessions. Mr. Patton's address was strong and sweet spirited. The whole audience rose to the dignity of the occasion; the people were really holding a Congress of Religions. The last evening was such a close as could be known only to those present. It had to be felt as well as heard for one to be conscious of its power. Our brother Catholic came on with a brotherly paper, beautiful in spirit and in finish. Mr. Hawley followed the Hon. O'Brien Atkinson with one of

the most powerful and soul-stirring addresses I ever heard from any platform. During all the time, up to Mr. Hawley's talk, and for a considerable time after he started, the crowded house gave applause after applause; but there came a time when all understood, in some strange but certain way, that applause would be rude and the tears glistened and a deep silence gathered on the audience. The train that was to have taken Mr. Hawley and Mr. Bard passed through and Hawley still held the audience as one great heart, beating throbs akin to the eternal. When he sat down we were all on the altitudes. Then Brother Palmer, in that fatherly way peculiar to him, stepped forward, and, moved by the most touchingly reminiscent mood, let fall from his tremulous lips benediction after benediction. The closing word being spoken, the Congress of Religions was over.

Next Sunday I talk on the "Congress of Religions and What Next," referring, of course, to the Congress just held in Lapeer. Long live the Congress!

Cordially,

A. K. BEEM.

Justice to the Colored Race.

DEAR UNITY:—I was very glad to see in a recent number the excellent article on "The Outrages in the Carolinas."

When, at the end of this nineteenth century, we find ourselves at war, not only in far-off lands and with other nations, but in our own country and with our own people, can we call ourselves a Christian nation? Are we even a civilized people? Are we not becoming barbarians?

This race conflict in the South is another evidence that war never decides any controversy except which antagonist has the most men, the most money and the most or best guns. On saying this, incidentally, some months ago, reply was made that "our Civil War settled the question of slavery in this country." Yet here it is, in somewhat modified form, but with even more barbaric features.

Believing that the Golden Rule is of universal application, and that the Sermon on the Mount is not obsolete, the more I read and hear of the feeling manifested by the white toward the negroes, the less I am inclined to justify their attitude. They assume it to be their right to rule arrogantly, with or without, law, and evidently expect the colored man, not only to practice the patience, forbearance and self-control which are generally acquired only by education (and therefore are expected of the superior race), but that he shall also forego his right of citizenship!

In studying history we shall find no more pathetic story, and in multitudes of cases none more tragic, than that of the colored people in this country. Stolen from their native land and held for centuries in abject servitude by the white race—with no rights even of person that their masters were bound to respect—helpless and hopeless they lived on in peaceful, friendly and often in trusted and intimate relations with them.

How they became free it is not necessary here to inquire. It is enough to say that freedom was not granted because of their asking. It was thrust upon them, not from motives of humanity, or philanthropy, but that the union of our states might be preserved. As a logical sequence, the ballot was given them, a supposed means for their protection. As a race they have proven themselves amiable, docile, forgiving and far more trustworthy than, with their training and environments, could have been expected.

It would be difficult to find among the white races one, which as slaves, would have protected the interests of their absent masters as they did during our Civil War. They not only protected their families—their wives and daughters—but in many cases provided the means for their subsistence as well. Indeed, it would be difficult to invalidate the oft-repeated statement that not till the negro was free and aspired to a higher and better manhood did he become obnoxious to the whites. That the first generation or two, should make mistakes, that they should not know how to use their freedom wisely and well, was inevitable; nothing else could have been expected.

I have before me a Bristol, Tenn., *Tribune* of recent date, from an editorial of which I quote:

"The negro problem has long been one of gravest importance to the people of the South, and the recent race riots in the Carolinas have brought it even more forcibly before the public. There has never been a time since the Civil War, perhaps, when the two races were at peace and on friendly terms in all sections of the southern states. There has always been more or less trouble and ill feeling, but the dire possibility of negro equality—the threatened calamity of negro domination in some of our sister states, has aroused hatred and prejudice to the point of slaughter, and intensified the existing enmity between the white man and the black to the last degree.

The southern people are averse to bloodshed, and resort to the shotgun policy only when that alternative is forced upon them. * * * * In the north the negro's offense has mostly been competition with white labor; while in the South he ignorantly aspires to dominion and seeks equality. This danger is ever present and ever growing, and as the lines are becoming more and more sharply drawn, it is only a question of time when race riots will become frequent. There seems to be no solution of this problem, which, as time goes on, becomes more complex. The negro is a free citizen by the grace of the government, and under the law has rights equal to the white man. And yet where negro supremacy is possible, by reason of numerical strength, the white man has shown that he will never submit."

While multitudes of people in the South deprecate this state of feeling, in this quotation is manifest the quintessence of the spirit which has dominated since the close of the Civil War. Here is evidence of what Jenkin Lloyd Jones calls "depravity inherited from the ethics of slavery—a sad and belated witness to the degradation which slavery brought upon the slaveholder more than upon the slave."

We send missionaries to Africa at vast expense of life and treasure, in an effort to spread the gospel of Christ—to inculcate a belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Would not those whom we call heathen be justified in sending missionaries to us, North and South?

A noble, generous, magnanimous people would have said long ago, "My colored friend, you have served us long and well! Your unrequited labor made us rich! You are now free! Henceforth you shall have a fair race in an open field! We have the advantage of you now, and intend to hold it; but if in the race for a higher civilization, for which all should strive for, you can overtake and pass us, we will yield the palm and say God-speed you!"

SUSAN LOOK AVERY.

[This article was overlaid in the editor's crate some weeks after it should have seen the light, but it is not out of date, as the question with which it deals is still unfortunately among the "unrighted wrongs."—Eds.]

Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills and His Work.

The religious world was greatly startled when it was announced that the noted evangelist, Rev. B. Fay Mills, had become a Liberal, but the change was not so sudden as many supposed.

Being the son of Dr. Thornton A. Mills, a noted Presbyterian minister of the old school, he received a strictly orthodox education. And, graduating from Lake Forest University in 1879, soon after, at the age of twenty years, he was ordained minister of the Congregational church at Granite Falls, Minn. He was wide awake, thoughtful, earnest and full of courage, anxious to know the truth and to proclaim it.

About this time the voice of Henry Ward Beecher rang out against the doctrine of eternal pain, and the

youthful minister became convinced that Mr. Beecher was right, since which time he has never preached the monstrous theory, but has often spoken against it.

In 1883 he accepted a call to a Congregational church at Rutland, Vt., where he remained until entering his famous evangelistic work thirteen years ago.

By the time he was twenty-five years old Mr. Mills had ceased entirely to believe in "Expatiatory Atonement" and also in "the equal inspiration of all parts of the Bible."

Soon afterward he gave up the current notion of "salvation only by Christ" and adopted a purely ethical idea of salvation. His exhortation was no longer "Come *to* Jesus," but "Come *with* Jesus," and by the time he was thirty-five years of age he had further modified his ideas of salvation so much that he regarded Jesus rather as "the savior of *society*" than of the individual, although he realized that the salvation of society necessarily implies the salvation of the individual. This change of view, however, was revolutionary, in that it gave up the paltry idea of self-salvation as the chief thing to be desired for the God-like idea of the salvation of mankind. In his address at the Parliament of Religions upon "Christ the Savior of the World," he showed that Christ sought not to save men out of the world, but to save the world; that his call was not to be good in order to go to heaven, but rather to *be good for something here*, so as to help make earth into heaven.

"The backbone and heart of orthodoxy," says Mr. Mills, "is this: *God has given us an authoritative and ultimate manifestation of himself in a man and a book.* Orthodoxy will die when that idea dies, and not before." And it was only within the last few years that he saw the incorrectness of the common belief upon this point and ceased to make any distinction between men on theological grounds.

He is now so thoroughly emancipated from each and all of the old-fashioned ideas that he is almost too quick to take up with the "New Thought." He is certainly upon the very crest of the last wave of the new idea, eagerly watching for the next to waft him a little further on, and seems utterly reckless of the danger of being swamped by the tides or dashed against the rocks of error. He speaks with as much confidence against some of the things that the scientists are yet generally agreed upon as he does against theological dogmatism, while he is equally strong to defend some of the most doubtful phases of the "New Thought," with which we are all more or less tinctured. It would not weaken his power as a prophet and reformer were he carefully to meditate upon the safe utterance of Professor Winchell: "We must hold tightly to facts and loosely to theories." And also—with reference to the points in dispute between scientists, since in this field he is only a layman—on the well-worn lines of Pope's criticism:

> "Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

One of the most glaring faults of our enthusiastic "New Thoughters" is that, in the fear lest they should fall a little behind the extreme front of the procession, they are too apt, like the school boy in debate, to "draw upon their own imagination for facts" or to clutch at the newest improved notions of someone else and proclaim them as "science." The following quaint remark is as applicable to the liberal as to the conservative: *"It's a heap better not to know so much than than to know so much that ain't so,"* or that isn't *proved.* Truth is not brilliant speculation, favorite opinion nor confident assertion. *It is the strictest conformity to the actual fact.* Therefore, there are times when we must "make haste slowly" and very carefully, or we will progress backward.

It is most strikingly and happily shown that, in the case of Mr. Mills at least, the most liberal theory is not inconsistent with the deepest and most fervent spirituality. He is still, in the spirit of his sermons, an evangelist. He insists most strenuously that the liberal people should be, above all things, truly *religious.* That they should worship God with mind, body and *heart.* Not only by thinking and working, but also by *feeling.* Of those who "think it is religious to have no emotion at all" he says: "They have neglected a large human function. *They might as well try to get along without lungs or a physical heart.* They have cut off one of the largest sources of inspiration; and there is danger that they will lose sympathy and positive conviction.

> 'Yet each have one anguish—his own soul—
> That perishes with cold.'"

Mr. Mills believes that as all men are sparks of the Infinite Flame they may consciously renew and increase their own light and warmth of soul at the Parent Fire. That "the joy of the Lord is our strength." He does not believe that the masses neglect the churches because the churches are "too religious," but rather because they are too dead. He says: "Anything that is uninteresting is not religion. Religion is always interesting; it is the most fascinating thing that is possible for man to know or experience or think."

Mr. Mills has not withdrawn himself from the orthodox church, while he has expressed himself in harmony with the avowed Unitarian platform of the "Religion of Jesus as summed up in love to God and man." He has entered the larger communion of human brotherhood, which unites him in spiirt to all who serve and to all who need. He says, in a letter published September 4, 1897: "I believe in purely ethical, spiritual and practical ecclesiastical tests and abominate all sorts of sectarianism. I am a member of two denominations now and would join the rest if they were open."

Last year Mr. Mills preached every Sunday evening in Music Hall, Boston. The expenses were met by a few men, mostly Unitarians. The audiences were large. This year there is no financial backing except from the congregation itself. The movement is unnamed, as yet, but is popularly called *"The Mills Meetings."* There are probably 2,000 adherents. Five-sixths have been non-church goers. The other sixth comes from twenty-two denominations, all the way from Catholics and Presbyterians to Ingersollites and Jews. Four-sevenths are men. Their residences are in sixty towns and sections of Boston.

The meetings held by Mr. Mills are as follows: On Sunday, at 10:45 a. m., is a meeting at Parker Memorial Hall, with a "religious" address by Mr. or Mrs. Mills. At 4 p. m. "The Forum" is conducted at Parker Memorial Hall. This is a free platform for the discussion of living questions. It draws large crowds of all sorts of people. The topic is discussed in a forty-minute address by some one well prepared, and then there is general discussion in three-minute addresses, during which sometimes several different languages are spoken by the much mixed crowd.

At 7 p. m. Mr. Mills always speaks at Hollis Street Theater. This is the most fashionable theater of Boston. On pleasant nights there is a great throng present, and sometimes hundreds are turned away. These meetings are attended by university professors and students, respectable citizens and tramps, rich and poor—people of all sorts. On Monday at 8 p. m. there is a "Fellowship Meeting" at Parker Memorial Hall, addressed by Mr. or Mrs. Mills or some other interesting speaker on some up-to-date philosophical or religious topic, followed by discussion. On Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. there is a chorus practice. On Fri-

day at 8 p. m. a sociological meeting is held at Parker Memorial Hall. Courses of five and ten lectures on the new political economy are given, each lecture being followed by a free discussion.

A social settlement and one or two charitable institutions are largely administered by the adherents of Mr. Mills, although he does not desire to control them. Various receptions, dinners and entertainments are held to develop sociability.

Mr. Mills fully realizes that he "cannot build anything that has roots," so he is letting the movement grow as it will, not feeling certain whether he wants it to crystallize into a permanent organization or not. He may feel called to go elsewhere after a time.

At the Sunday night meetings in Hollis Street Theater Mr. Mills has been delivering a series of remarkable sermons. A few of the most striking of these are entitled, "The Germs of a Greater Religion," "Why I Became a Liberal," "The Opportunity of the Orthodox," "Was Jesus a Christian?" "A Lesson for Liberals"—which every liberal should read—"Liberal Orthodoxy," "The New Party"—a most striking political utterance which has also appeared in the January *Arena*—and "The World to Come"—a sermon not on the life after death, but a most encouraging forecast of the glorious possibilities of human life on this planet when real fraternity rules mankind. These sermons may be secured in neat pamphlet form of Morris Lefcowitch, 41 Rutland Square, Boston, at five cents per copy, or fifty cents for the whole series of thirty-one sermons.

The latest development of the sociology of Mr. Mills is of the most radical type. He proclaims the coming social revolution of absolute economic equality and full brotherhood, with thrilling enthusiasm. "The day is coming," says he, "when boys will look into the faces of their parents and say, 'What is poverty?' 'What is injustice?' 'What is intemperance?' 'What is war?' and the parent shall scarcely find language for adequate description to the child. And I believe the call to us to-day to be nothing less than to create on earth the eternal 'city of light!'

'They that will not fight for this city
What city will they fight for?'"

He says, "The time is NOW!" And one feels his words so strongly that the wonder comes, "Why doesn't Mr. Mills enter upon a campaign of social evangelism, for which his views, his experience and his fame so preëminently fit him? What tremendous results might follow if he should take to the field with the old battle-cry that has lately developed such marvelous new meaning, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!" He might prove to be the very leader for whom the great reform waits.

Mr. Mills is now about forty-one years of age, with splendid health, a brilliant, well-trained, well-stored mind and a fine open face, through which his soul casts the light of boundless sympathy, hope, courage and strength. The magnetism of his presence has been powerfully felt by many great congregations from sea to sea. And he is qualified, as few men are, for the exertion of tremendous influence upon our age.

E. E. CARR.

Earth, wise from out the foolish past,
Shall peradventure hail at last
The advent of that morn divine,
When nations shall like forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor birches wish the cedars woe;
But all in their unlikeness blend,
Confederate to one golden end.

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct.—*Carlyle.*

Good Poetry.

Inspiration.

A drop of dew may cheer the flower,
In moment of its utmost need;
A word of love impart the power—
For faith to do some daring deed!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

To His Love.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

—*William Shakespeare.*

A Touch of Nature.

When first the crocus thrusts its point of gold
Up through the still snow-drifted garden-mold,
And folded green things in dim woods unclose
Their crinkled spear, a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows.
Sitting beside this crumbling sea-coal fire,
Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
Far from the brambly paths I used to know,
Far from the rustling brooks that slip and shine,
Where the Neponset alders take their glow,
I share the tremulous sense of bud and briar
And inarticulate ardors of the vine.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

Brave Love.

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And the summer days were long;
And when we rested by the hedge
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one—
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done,
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses or for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
And love and beauty tine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear
When you had but your violin,
And I a song, my dear.

—*Anonymous.*

The Canary.

The canary warbles alone in the free forest. Who can feel his joy, who can understand his pleasure?

The canary warbles in the richest palace sweetly. Who can feel his sorrow, who can understand his pain?—*Songs from the Ghetto.*

Curiosities of Literature.

How Judge Sewall Courted Madam Winthrop.

[From the "Sewall Papers", Vol. III. published by the Mass. Hist. Soc. 1882.]

The following extracts from the autobiography of Judge Samuel Sewall, 1676-1764, cast a calm and mellow light upon the proprieties of courtship in the good old days of Puritanism. The episodes are a relief to the classic agonies of Romeo and Cyrano and will not be popular in the libraries of young ladies' boarding schools.

HOW JUDGE SEWALL COURTED MADAM WINTHROP.

Septr. 5. Mary Hirst goes to Board with Madam Oliver and her Mother Loyd. Going to Son Sewall's I there meet with Madam Winthrop, told her I was glad to meet her there, had not seen her a great while; gave her Mr. Holmes's Sermon. . . . .

8^r 1 Satterday, I dine at Mr. Stoddard's: from thence I went to Madam Winthrop's just at 3. Spake to her, saying, my loving wife died so soon and suddenly, 'twas hardly convenient for me to think of marrying again; however I came to this Resolution, that I would not make my Court to any person without first Consulting with her. Had a pleasant discourse about 7 [seven] Single persons sitting in the Fore-seat 7^r. 29th, viz. Mad^m Rebekah Dudley, Catharine Winthrop, Bridget Usher, Deliverance Legg, Rebekah Loyd, Lydia Colman, Elizabeth Bellingham. She propounded one and another for me; but none would do, said Mrs. Loyd was about her Age.

Octob^r. 3. 2. Waited on Madam Winthrop again; 'twas a little while before she came in. I went up to her and said, if it might not be inconvenient I desired to speak with her. She assented, and spake of going into another Room; but Mr. Airs and Noyes presently rose up, and went out, leaving us there alone. Then I usher'd in Discourse from the names in the Fore-seat; at last I pray'd that Katharine [Mrs. Winthrop] might be the person assign'd for me. She instantly took it up in the way of Denyal, as if she had catch'd at an Opportunity to do it, saying she could not do it before she was asked.

8^r. 6th. A little after 6. p. m. I went to Madam Winthrop's. Madam seem'd to harp upon the same string. Must take care of her Children; could not leave that House and Neighborhood where she had dwelt so long. I told her she might doe her children as much or more good by bestowing what she laid out in Hous-keeping, upon them. Said her Son would be of Age the 7th of August. I said it might be inconvenient for her to dwell with her Daughter-in-Law, who must be Mistress of the House. I gave her a piece of Mr. Belcher's Cake and Ginger-Bread wrapped up in a clean sheet of Paper; told her of her Father's kindness to me when Treasurer, and I Constable. My Daughter Judith was gon from me and I was more lonesom —might help to forward one another in our Journey to Canaan.

8^r. 10th. In the Evening I visited Madam Winthrop, who treated me with a great deal of Curtesy; Wine, Marmalade. I gave her a News-Letter about the Thanksgiving; Proposals, for sake of the Verses for David Jeffries.

8^r. 11th. I writ a few lines to Madam Winthrop to this purpose: "Madam, These wait on you with Mr. Mayhew's Sermon, and Account of the state of the Indians on Martha's Vinyard. I thank you for your Unmerited Favours of yesterday; and hope to have the Happiness of Waiting on you tomorrow before Eight a-clock after Noon. I pray God to keep you, and give you a joyfull entrance upon the Two Hundred and twenty-ninth year of Christopher Columbus his Discovery; and take Leave, who am, Madam, your humble Servt. S. S."

8^r. 12. Mrs. Anne Cotton came to door (twas before 8.) said Madam Winthrop was within, directed me into the little Room, where she was full of work behind a Stand; Mrs. Cotton came in and stood. Madam Winthrop pointed to her to set me a Chair. Madam Winthrop's Countenance was much changed from what 'twas on Monday, look'd dark and lowering. At last, the work, (black stuff or Silk) was taken away, I got my Chair in place, had some Converse, but very Cold and indifferent to what 'twas before. Ask'd her to acquit me of Rudeness if I drew off her Glove. Enquiring the reason, I told her twas great odds between handling a dead Goat, and a living Lady. Got it off. I told her I had one Petition to ask of her, that was, that she would take off the Negative she laid on me the third of October; She readily answer'd she could not, and enlarg'd upon it; She told me of it so soon as she could; could not leave her house, children, neighbours, business.

I gave her Dr. Preston, The Church's Marriage and the Church's Carriage, which cost me 6^s at the Sale.

8^r 19. Midweek. Visited Madam Winthrop; Sarah told me she was at Mr. Walley's, would not come home till late. I gave her Hannah 3 oranges with her Duty, not knowing whether I should find her or no. Was ready to go home: but said if I knew she was there, I would go thither. Sarah seem'd to speak with pretty good Courage. She would be there. I went and found her there, with Mr. Walley and his wife in the little Room below. At 7 a-clock I mentioned going home; at 8. I put on my Coat, and quickly waited on her home. She found occasion to speak loud to the servant, as if she had a mind to be known. Was Courteous to me; but took occasion to speak pretty earnestly about my keeping a Coach: I said 'twould cost £100. per annum: she said twould cost but £40. Spake much against John Winthrop, his false-heartedness. Mr. Eyre came in and sat awhile; I offer'd him Dr. Incr. Mather's Sermons, whereof Mr. Appleton's Ordination Sermon was one; said he had them already. I said I would give him another. Exit. Came away somewhat late.

8^r. 21. Friday My Son, the Minister, came to me p. m. by appointment and we pray one for another in the Old Chamber; more especially respecting my Courtship. About 6. a-clock I go to Madam Winthrop's; Sarah told me her Mistress was gon out, but did not tell me whither she went. She presently order'd me a Fire; so I went in, having Dr. Sibb's Bowels with me to read. I read the two first Sermons, still no body came in: at last about 9. a-clock Mr. Jno Eyre came in; I took the opportunity to say to him as I had done to Mrs. Noyes before, that I hoped my Visiting his Mother would not be disagreeable to him; He answered me with much Respect. When twas after 9. a-clock He of himself said he would go and call her, she was but at one of his Brothers: A while after I heard Madam Winthrop's voice, enquiring somthing about John. After a good while and Clapping the Garden door twice or thrice, she came in. I mention'd somthing of the lateness; she banter'd me, and said I was later. She receiv'd me Courteously. I ask'd when our proceedings should be made publick: She said They were like to be no more publick than they were already. Offer'd me no Wine that I remember. I rose up at 11 a-clock to come away, saying I would put on my Coat. She offer'd not to help me. I pray'd her that Juno might light me home, she open'd the Shutter, and said twas pretty light abroad; Juno was weary and gon to bed. So I came home by Star-light as well as I could. At my first coming in, I gave Sarah five Shillings.

Novr. 2. Midweek, went again, and found Mrs. Alden there, who quickly went out. Gave her about ½ pound of Sugar Almonds, cost 3^s. per £. Carried them on Monday. She seem'd pleas'd with them, ask'd what they cost. Spake of giving her a Hundred pounds per annum if I dy'd before her. Ask'd her what sum she would give me, if she should dy first? Said I would give her time to Consider of it. She said she heard as if I had given all to my Children by Deeds of Gift. I told her 'twas a mistake, Point-Judith was mine &c. That in England I own'd, my Father's desire was that it should go to my oldest Son; 'twas 20£ per annum; she thought 'twas forty. I think when I seem'd to excuse pressing this, she seemed to think twas best to speak of it; a long winter was coming on. Gave me a Glass or two of Canary.

Novr. 4th. Friday, Went again, about 7. a-clock; found there Mr. John Walley and his wife: sat discoursing pleasantly. I shew'd them Isaac Moses's [an Indian] Writing. Madam W. serv'd Comfeits to us. After a-while a Table was spread, and Supper was set. I urg'd Mr. Walley to Crave a Blessing; but he put it upon me. About 9. they went away. I ask'd Madam what fashioned Neck-lace I should present her with, She said, None at all. I ask'd her Whereabouts we left off last time; mention'd what I had offer'd to give her; Ask'd her what she would give me; She said she could not Change her Conditions: She had said so from the beginning: could not be so far from her Children, the Lecture. Quoted the Apostle Paul affirming that a single Life was better than a Married. I answer'd That was for the present Distress. Said she had not pleasure in things of that nature as formerly: I said, you are the fitter to make me a Wife. If she held in that mind, I must go home and bewail my Rashness in making more haste than good Speed. However, considering the Supper, I desired her to be within next Monday night, if we liv'd so long Assented.

Monday, Novr. 7th. Midweek, 9^r. 9th. Dine at Bro^r Stoddard's: were so kind as to enquire of me if they should invite M^m Winthrop, I answer'd No. Thank'd my Sister Stoddard for her Courtesie; sat down at the Table Simeon Stoddard, esqur, Mad. Stoddard, Samuel Sewall, Mr. Colman, M^m Colman, Mr. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Hannah Cooper, Mr. Samuel Sewall of Brooklin, Mrs. Sewall, Mr. Joseph Sewall, Mrs. Lydia Walley, Mr. William Stoddard. Had a noble Treat. At night our Meeting was at the Widow Belknap's. Gave each one of the Meeting One of Mr. Homes's Sermons, 12 in all; She sent her servant home with me with

a Lantern. Madam Winthrop's Shutters were open as I pass'd by.

Novr. 11th. Went not to M^m. Winthrop's. This is the 2^d Withdraw.

About the middle of Decr Madam Winthrop made a Treat for her Children; Mr. Sewall, Prince, Willoughby: I knew nothing of it; but the same day abode in the Council Chamber for fear of the Rain, and din'd alone upon Kilby's Pyes and good Beer.

Out Doors.

There was a man sent out from God whose name was "———," whose real name was Noah Burton. He was a Methodist circuit rider of California and his various circuits ran all the way from Santa Barbara to the Oregon line. He rode one old gray mare for twenty years and in her old age she bore him a son, which he rode for twenty-five years more, and then horse and rider went to their reward. Back over the years I see that kind, lank face surmounted by an ancient and respectable plug hat and upheld by a lean, sinewy frame clad outwardly in linen duster and overalls. There come the notes of a strong and not unmelodious voice intoning with nasal vigor and simplest of religious melodies. The heedless years of lawless, careless and critical boyhood have deep graven into them, the memory of this noble "out door" soul.

Well I remember how, before the gathering rainstorm, he often rode into our barn and unsaddled his horse. Then comes a picture showing how he took off his duster and overalls on the porch, and, after greetings, in which he sincerely invoked the prospering of the Lord upon the house, he abstracted a paper collar from the depths of his hat and made his simple toilet. Then he sat at table and asked a tremendous blessing, with eyes rolled far heavenward, and then, spreading his red bandanna over his knees for a napkin, he ate like a hungry man, bless him. There rumbles through my memory the fervent, long-drawn evening prayer, which included every individual in the household, and all by name. All this comes back, and grateful it is to remember the influence which, through after years of liberalism, has ever made secure a respect for honest faith.

Father Burton was near to the great soul of the universe, as proven in his love for his fellowmen. No night was too stormy for him to visit any who were in distress of mind, body or estate. From the penitentiary to the home of honesty, from the hut of the digger Indian to the great ranch house. True, his personal prayers used to make us children squirm, for in them time was no object, but the evenings around the fire, when he told of his wanderings and described the by-ways of the wilderness, richly offset the aching of unaccustomed knees.

Adventure in itself was desperately unprofitable from his point of view, but the mere asides of description were full of it. Indians had shot a man sitting beside him in an unchinked log house. He had several times gone two or three days without food. He had often met staid and dignified grizzly bears in the trail, and sometimes they had turned out and sometimes he had. His personal acquaintance was immense. He had "wrastled" in prayer with miners and vaqueros and convicts, he had ridden beside highwaymen and renegades, and somehow, though he never formulated the thought, to him they were all men and all in his charge, as far as they would permit of his kindness and his ministrations.

The good old man considered himself thoroughly orthodox in the good old hell-fearing way, but his human soul somehow broke loose from his creed and led an existence of its own, and his references to punishments to come, were rare and perfunctory.

It is splendid to think of the many lives that this man rode into, in the years of his work, on the windy, fog-swept mesas, of the sea shore, in the cool, pillared depths of the redwood forests, in the hot valleys between vine-clad slopes and in the great rough of the coast range "backbone." Lonely men and lonelier women were for forty-five years cheered by his visits. Little children were patted on the head and were inspired by the kindliest recognition of their individuality. Want was relieved and the pain of loss was soothed. Truly the great God has continually "sent men out" since nineteetn hundred years ago.

WILLIAM KENT.

The Pulpit.

Memento Mori.

REV. LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

The old words, *memento mori* (remember death), cannot be written too plainly over the doorway of the temple of our contemplation. It were not well that they should be there to frighten, but to add one of life's mighty facts to the incontinence of our thought and deed.

Remember death! Not to shrink from it; not to dread the

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days"

which,

"Muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands,"

not to dread their fleeting swiftness, but to use their passing opportunities.

Remember death, not to be frightened from the natural course of life, from the great highway in the light, into some artificial and dreary way which has been created in the years of fear and dread by those who dared not face the issues of a normal world and a simple life, but rather that your feet stray not from the path of duty nor your life falter by the way.

Remember death! not to fly the normal intellect for some weird fancy of blind faith, whether of ancient creed or modern superstition, but rather to turn the fullest and bravest thought upon the problems of your life, which, since death comes, must

"Have (its) day and cease to be."

Death is one of the certain events upon the way of all who journey. It is reached alike, or soon or late, by the peasant and the king, by the sinner and the saint. Even Jesus tasted of death and drank the waters of its ceaseless stream.

The full consciousness of death's inevitable approach and of the mystery which hides its distance from our journeying feet, would enable us all to improve the plan by which we live.

"With aching hands and bleeding feet,
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done."

thinking that on the morrow we shall straighten the bended back, take breath and enjoy life and what we have achieved. We live not while we work, but postpone living, thinking to take that up when our work is done. The business man is laying the foundation of his fortune, neglecting all else, but thinking some day to lay the foundation of his character, and perchance to build the temple of Peace and Truth thereon. The mother keeps saying, "When my little ones are grown

then I will improve myself, pick some of life's sweetest fruits from the abundant trees and learn what the world is like." The fewer the years the more man lives in the morrows, forgetting to-day, forgetting the injunction, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," forgetting that God may say, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

The thought of certain death should make all wiser —wise enough to live each day as though it were the last. We need not life made up of days, but days that are filled with life.

> "Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,
> And afternoon and night—
> Forenoon, and—what!
> The empty song repeats itself. No more?
> Yea, this is Life; make this forenoon sublime,
> This afternoon a psalm,
> And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won."

Yea, put the sublimity, the psalm, the prayer into each and every day, for each may chance to be thy last.

Counting upon the uncertain future, many leave their lives, even as their affairs, at odds and ends. Wise the man or woman whose books are well kept, so that another could settle the account. How often are the fortunes of families wrecked by the speculative venture in which the thought of death was not taken as part of the stock. "If he had only lived he would have carried through his plans," we say. Thus the days are sacrificed to the years, and even so the stock-in-hand of happiness is ventured for uncertain joy. If thou die to-morrow, what of thy plans? Will they be a good inheritance for those who follow? Art thou building so that another could carry forth the structure to its finished beauty? If not, thou are not building well for thyself. The thought of death is a test by which to measure the value of each day's work. Nor shall life's whole be perfect except the parts are true. Man must build not only for time, but for eternity, yet nor time nor eternity shall profit by the loss of fullness and beauty in any of the constituent days. There is no flaw in any stone in the temple of the perfect.

The thought of death not only urges that the days be of a color with the years and the work of the builder, of the same quality as the building upon which he toils, each piece a perfect whole, as well as a component part; but the thought of death also impels the making perfect of the worker. Ready to leave what he has in hand, he must also be ready to meet what lies before. "Prepared to die" has been interpreted more in behalf of the belief imposed than of the believer, frightened to acceptance. It means more than sacrament and creed. It means a life. He is prepared to die who is prepared to live. And the thought of being ready for the mysterious presence into which death shall usher should help make ready for the no less mysterious presence in which all now abide. One would not wish to take a guilty conscience through the portal between the two worlds. One would not wish to have the vision of even trivial wrongs flash before the dimming eye. Nor should one wish to take any sense of guilt through the portal that connects to earthly days, or to see the vision of any wrong before the nightly dimming eye of sleep. The next world, whatever it may be, will have no alchemy, unknown to this, by which stains of wrong and scars of sin shall be miraculously removed. That river whose waters wash "the farther shore" is only the river of time; it has no power to make us other than we are. To remember death, therefore, will help to preserve the soul's pristine beauty, and to unfold innocence into stainless life. To live as though this day were thy very last will be, then, to make thee worthy of another, or here, or there.

The Study Table.

Be Steady.

> The starving pray and plead for work or bread,
> The storm cloud gathers of a people's wrath,
> And threatens to sweep down the nation's path;
> O Ship of State by right and justice led
> Steer wisely through the dangers just ahead.
>
> EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

The Table is loaded with literature, mostly pamphlets, aiming to show that the authors are exceptionally good and wise people, who have the burden of saving the republic from the boggling and machinations of expansionists. With only one exception these pamphlets take the same line of argument. They (1) assume that all who disagree with them are possessed of malignant motives, are unpatriotic and ready to sacrifice the republic for crash attempts at "imperialism," whatever that may be. (2) They denounce us as robbers, assassins, tyrants; persons ready to do violence to the rights of all other people, including Cubans, Hawaiians and Malays. (3) They denounce us as so lacking in common humanity and common-sense that we will not heed their vociferous proclamations that they can supply us with the real ethics and morals of the universe. President McKinley is asserted to be guilty of a whole catalogue of crimes, because he refuses to announce beforehand his colonial policy. There is very little difference in either the logic or tone of these pamphlets and articles. Those from Boston have a delicate flavor of professional philanthrophy, and are tinged with the conviction that Boston is just a little nearer the moral summit of the universe, and therefore has a right to impart instruction to the rest of us in morals. Those from New York have a commercial flavor, with a distinct idea that the writers belong in the Kitchen Cabinet of the Almighty, and have private information on questions of universal ethics. Those from the West are distinguished by a missionary flavor—full of sad pathos and an occasional note of despair. I have no objection to a ton or two of this sort of literature, but do not care to have it crowd out everything else. Six months ago the burden was the wickedness of annexing Hawaii. Then came the criminality of the war with Cuba. A little later we were overwhelmed with warnings against imperialism. At present we are surfeited with languishing sympathy for Mr. Aguinaldo. This humble page of UNITY believes in expansion, both industrial and political, and has no desire to see reversed a single page of our history that involves these principles. God bless President McKinley and the Anglo-Saxon race, and the idea of federal republicanism. If anyone prefers the ideas of freedom and government embodied in Liliokaulani, or Aguinaldo, or Weyler, we are not chief of sinners if we perfer to follow Jefferson and Providence. The Table will pay scant attention to this sort of literature.

The *School Journal* of New York gives a review of an article by M. Gabriel Compayre, written in the *Revue Pedagogique* of France. The article is of unusual importance, because it is always true that a foreigner can get a better view of us than we can of ourselves—provided he approaches us with an unprejudiced mind. Without entering into a review of the article, I may quote a single passage. He says, "The point I want to make is that the Americans lead the world in the number and quality of their educational periodicals and important books bearing upon the theory and practice of education." The same number of the *School Journal* brings prominently forward a matter of immense importance, namely, "School Boy Etiquette." It is an unfortunate fact that we have neglected form altogether too much in securing substance. But the

author shows that school life may be burdened and seriously damaged by useless etiquette, as in English schools.

You will find in the *Open Court* for March a valuable article on the "Moral Education of Children," by Paul Carus. It covers the subjects Love of Truth, Worldly Prudence, Square Dealing and Sympathy with Animals. The article on the "General Ideas of Infants and Deaf Mutes" constitutes a psychological study of unusual importance.

You will find in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March three articles on educational questions, all of them being careful studies of the questions under discussion. It is an educational number.

A few years ago the "Life and Letters of Macauley," by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, created a sensation both in England and in America. It was one of the best efforts in biography of the century. A little later the same author gave us the "Early History of Charles James Fox." It was then understood that he would pursue this subject still farther, and possibly would, in doing so, throw much light upon the subject of the American Revolution. But we did not expect at that time to receive from his pen what we have long needed —a thoroughly critical history of the American Revolution, from the British standpoint. But the story of Fox, between 1774 and 1782, was so inextricably interwoven with the story of the American Revolution that it became quite natural for Mr. Trevelyan to do what he has determined to do, give us a story of the building of our nation as viewed by an English student of history at the close of the nineteenth century. The style of Mr. Trevelyan is delightfully smooth and graceful, while it has the brightness and vivacity which characterized Macaulay. His standpoint of vision is with Barre and Burke, and, of course, fully in sympathy with the colonies. I should like to quote in full his description of the battle of Lexington. His picture of the Boston tories, "including eighteen clergymen," who had to flee with the British, is very suggestive. These anti-expansionists declared that everyone with Washington was influenced by "need and greed for office, and their posterity across the Canadian frontier continued to repeat the same tale." In fact, it was a long while before American history was written with any show of justice. The tories were the better educated class and after them the Federals held the writers' pen. This work of Mr. Trevelyan marks not only the passage over to a more honest method of writing American history by Americans themselves, but to a spirit of justice on the part of the English people. In fact, no American could write with more freedom from prejudice than our author has done. The motto of the book is taken from Tennyson:

> O thou that sendest out the man
> To rule by land and sea,
> Strong mother of a Lion-line,
> Be proud of those strong sons of thine,
> Who wrenched their rights from thee.

The New York *Tribune* has always made agriculture a hobby. It is increasing its notes on farm matters, and they are far superior to most that we get from the so-called "agricultural" papers. The weekly is but one dollar a year and will pay as an investment.

A grand affair—a real Hale and hearty manifesto—is that which comes from the senator of liberal and progressive thinkers—E. E. Hale. It is entitled "A Permanent Tribunal"—a defense of the Emperor of Russia and his circular note to the powers advocating a permanent peace.

E. P. POWELL.

"Oh, mamma," asked a little girl, "why does the preacher always say 'lastly' in the middle of his sermon?"

The Virginians.*

Certainly this is one of the most attractive volumes of the biographical edition of Thackeray's novels. It goes without saying that "The Virginians" is not one of the greatest of Thackeray's books. It is outranked by "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes" and "Pendennis" and "Esmond." It invites comparison with "Esmond" as it does not with any of the others because it is a continuation of that novel, to which it is much inferior. It is much larger and there is less of it. Thackeray himself says that he "dawdled fatally" from No. 5 to No. 10. (It was published in twenty-four monthly parts.) Not "fatally" and yet seriously. But it was pleasant dawdling. As a sequel to "Esmond" it is invaluable, however we may resent the lapse of the splendid Beatrix of the former novel into the wicked old woman of the second.

When I say it is one of the most attractive of the biographical edition I mean just that. The biographical introduction has not been surpassed, even by that to "The Newcomes," which seemed unsurpassable. It is good where Thackeray is always good—in his letters. Those here are from America, while he was in this country delivering his "Four Georges." "The Virginians" grew out of his studies for that set of lectures, as "Esmond" grew out of his studies for "The English Humorists." The letters are full of kindly appreciation of the American public and his American friends.

There is one letter written after a famous dinner in New York. It seems that afterward when he went to his hotel he admitted himself with his key into the wrong room on the wrong floor. Now, we have Curtis's account of that same dinner. Sam Ward told some capital stories and Thackeray sang "Little Billee." Dr. Kane was there, and Thackeray, towering above him, begged him to allow him to get down upon his knees and lick his boots. Evidently on that occasion Thackeray was "as high as nine;" so that the incident of the wrong room is not so inexplicable as it might otherwise be.

There is a pretty story current, that Thackeray, staying in Philadelphia at the house of Hon. W. B. Reed, was shown a little memoir of Esther de Berdt, who became the wife of Joseph Reed, Washington's adjutant general, and said that she should be the heroine of his American novel. In the introduction, here, Mrs. Ritchie modifies the story: Thackeray makes the promise in a letter and Mr. Reed tells in one that he recognized his grandfather's Hetty in Hetty Lambert, the last syllable of the surname a variant of the Berdt in the original name. My former "Virginians" is enriched with a copy of a letter written by Adjutant General Reed to Hetty de Berdt, the original of which is owned by a friend who gave me the copy. It was written May 8, 1769, and it is very lovely in its mingled tenderness and delicate reserve, and after the lapse of one hundred and thirty years it has all the freshness of young love.

Mrs. Ritchie's introduction is one more argument for a good life of Thackeray from her hand. It is also a valuable contribution to the Life which someone else will write if she persistently refrains.

J. W. C.

> By wisdom wealth is won;
> But riches purchased wisdom yet for none.
> —*Bayard Taylor.*

He that well and rightly considereth his own works will find little cause to judge hardly of another.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

* The Virginians. A Tale of the Last Century. By W. M. Thackeray. New York and London: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1899. Cloth 8vo., illustrated by the author, $1.75

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—What would life be without the children? A day unheralded by morning, a year impoverished of its spring.

MON.—Wise teachings of contentment these little people give us.

TUES.—Since work is the fact above all facts that tells for character, children who are the greatest incentives to effort, lead us into that highway of salvation, labor.

WED.—The children's merry voices call us to fields untried; their eager hands throw down the bars that shut us from unexpected paths; their victorious shouts tempt us to scale heights which we had deemed inaccessible.

THURS.—A little child draws us out of ourselves, and we are the richer for the adventure.

FRI.—Our children take us away from low things to high and help us to know that we must be living and succulent branches of the living and true vine.

SAT.—It is part of the ministry of childhood to keep alive the expectation of those better days toward which the world is ever struggling.

—*Alice L. Williams, in "The Mission of Children."*

Sunshine.

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;
Others need its cheer, and so do you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;
Makes the ones about you wonder why
Sunset crimson should appear "so soon."

Sunshine-making is a blessed task;
Cheery hearts, like lovely wide-blue sky,
Banish weary gloom and give fresh hope,
Check the rising tear or thoughtless sigh.

Put the golden sunshine in each day;
Others need the cheer that comes thro' you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

—*Juniata Stafford, in "Flowers of the Grasses."*

A Dog's Remorse.

A gentleman from Indiana County, who is absolutely reliable, related a dog story the other day which would seem to indicate that a dog can suffer keen remorse. "A few years ago," he said, "I owned a fine, big mastiff, which I had reared from puppyhood, and who was intelligent and faithful. He was extremely good natured and seemed to exercise the most considerate care in playing with children or smaller dogs, not to hurt them.

"When I had kept the mastiff for several years I became the possessor of a delicate little Italian greyhound. The mastiff treated him as one of the family and never abused him, but the little greyhound considered himself a dog of superior breed and too aristocratic to associate with the mastiff. He would snap and snarl at the mastiff when he came near, and when the dogs were fed the little greyhound would attempt to drive the mastiff away. This continued for some time, until one day, after the greyhound had eaten the quantum of food thrown to it, it ran up to the mastiff, snapped it on the leg and attempted to take its food. The mastiff looked at it for a second, and then, as if it had concluded that it was time to teach the impudent little greyhound a lesson, grabbed it by the neck and gave it a little shake. When he dropped it the greyhound lay limp and lifeless. His neck had been broken. Brag, that was the mastiff's name, looked at the dead dog as if sincerely sorry for what he had done. He tried to make him get up, and when the little greyhound was taken off and buried he went along and took great interest in the proceedings.

"Seeing that the mastiff was much disturbed over what he had done, I spoke to him kindly, patted him on the head and tried to cheer him up, supposing that he would forget all about it in a few minutes. But I was mistaken. The dog slunk away and never returned. That was nearly three years ago and I have never heard of the mastiff since. I can account for his actions in no other way than that he was overwhelmed with remorse and shame for what he had done."—*Punxsutawney Spirit.*

A Dangerous Home Nest.

At Cranbrook, in Dent, England, there is a rifle range which has been used by the local volunteers for rifle practice, and at a distance of about six feet behind the targets there has been built a large stack of fagots, which serve to stop the spent bullets. One year a pair of nightingales selected the stack as the site for their nest, which they built in the interior at a distance of about fifteen inches from the surface of the front, facing the targets, about four feet from the ground and almost in a direct line with the center of one of the targets. These are constructed of canvas and allow the bullets to pass through directly into the fagots. In that situation the birds built their nest, hatched their eggs and reared their young, literally in the midst of a storm of bullets, one of which ultimately proved fatal to one of the young songsters. The wood of the fagots was often splintered in every direction around the nest, but the little brown parents never for an hour left their beleaguered home, not even when an unlucky bullet slew one of the fledglings, but fearlessly and faithfully brought up their surviving young ones and flew away with them at last for a sunnier home for the winter.—*Anecdotes and Morals.*

Pussy's Big Playmate.

Superintendent John B. Smith of the Central Park menagerie at New York, the other day found in the rhinoceros cage his large black cat Snyder, which had been missing for a week. While going through the elephant house in which Smiles, the old rhinoceros, is kept, Superintendent Smith saw the missing cat coiled up in the hay beside the big beast. The rhinoceros was licking the cat's paw with its tongue. Superintendent Smith watched the pair for a time and tried to coax the cat out, but it would not leave Smiles. A keeper informed him that the two had struck up a strong friendship in the past week, and when the rhinoceros was asleep the cat would frequently perch itself on Smiles' back and keep watch.

"In its native state," explained Superintendent Smith, "a bird known to hunters as the rhinoceros bird, keeps watch over the rhinoceros when sleeping, and pecks at its ears to arouse it at the approach of danger. Nature, perhaps, is working on the same lines in bringing Smiles and Snyder together; but it's a queer friendship, and I shall not disturb it."—*The Alliance.*

"I hear you have a little sister at your house," said a Chicago grocer to a small boy the other day. "Yes, sir," said Johnny. "Do you like that?" was queried. "I wish it was a boy," said Johnny, "so I could play 'mibs' with him, an' baseball an' tag an' all those things, when he got bigger." "Well," said the storekeeper, "why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?" Johnny reflected for a minute. Then he said rather sorrowfully: "We can't now: it's too late. We've used her four days."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Chicago.—The following report comes from Brigadier General Fielding of the Home for Ex-prisoners, established in this city by Mrs. Ballington Booth, last December:

Already the Home is beautifully furnished, affording every home-like inducement to the inmates, and a great many men have passed through from the prison and gotten employment. Occasionally they visit the Home and attend the spiritual meetings conducted there for their benefit. The captain in charge is constantly in communication with them, and in that way we never lose sight of their condition.

This week we have received seven men from Joliet Prison, and succeeded in getting half of them steady employment, and this is one of the most difficult and important features of the work. So deeply impressed are the officials of the prison with the good Mrs. Booth has done, that they have agreed to parole men to us, and when these men, after a stated time, have secured employment and do well, there is no doubt but the state will make some substantial appropriation to this Home. But at present it is quite a financial responsibility for us to bear. The money raised during Mrs. Booth's visit has been spent for furnishing the Home and other expenses, up to the present time, and as our funds are exhausted, we would appreciate very much any further help you can give us in this work. * * * We are glad to see from the *Messenger* of March 11, that Mr. White has recovered from his attack of the grippe. He takes a trip to Denver with Mr. J. M. Johnson, in his private car, and will return in time to preach next Sunday morning. . . . During the absence of Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the South All Souls pulpit was filled by Dr. Albion W. Small. Dr. Small's genial presence is always welcomed heartily in this church. Those who braved the weather, and they were a goodly number, could not fail to catch his spirit of radiant optimism and were refreshed and inspired for weeks to come. The world needs more preachers like Dr. Small—more sermonrs like one he delivered on "The Adjustment of Christianity to the Evolutionary Idea."

The Illinois Christian Citizenship League has had two other bills started in the State Legislature: One to print at the bottom of the municipal tickets in towns of 15,000 and under, for license of dram shops and against, and make the resulting vote mandatory. In some towns there is an anti-license majority; but by reason of the way they are divided into wards, the town goes license, four license aldermen and two anti-license. The anti-license ward will have a large majority, the other two a very small license majority. In this way saloons are kept in many towns where really the majority of voters is against license. This bill was introduced in the House by Representative Scrogin of McLean County, one of the most earnest workers and most successful members.

Another bill is to have a county vote on saloons in counties that have no town larger than 5,000. It was introduced by Representative Regan, the Prohibition member. This bill is limited to ease its passage; but would include sixty counties of the state.

The League has found the most successful method of work for bills is to have petitions reaching the members solely from their own constituents, as they might weigh with them. The Secretary of the League was talking to one of the senators last week on behalf of the Anti-Cigarette Bill. The senator called up a number of other senators and said: "This Anti-Cigarette Bill that Mr. Shaw is interested in must pass. I have had a number of petitions from the best people in my district wanting it passed. They seem to all want it, and we must put it through." He did not know that those petitions had been prepared in our office and sent into his district for signatures and then sent to him. We urge the Christian people of Illinois to write letters and send petitions on behalf of these bills to their own members of the House and their own senator. The general petitions are of no avail. It becomes a case of 'everybody's business and nobody's business.' There is a very general favor expressed for the Anti-Cigarette Bill. The sub-committee will report favorable, and it is backed up by some of the leading workers in the House.

JAMES H. SHAW, Secretary,
Bloomington, Ill.

Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-schools.—This union is again showing its widely representative character in its new officers, having chosen its president from Unity Sunday-school, while the vice-president comes from the Third Unitarian Sunday-school, and the secretary from the Stewart Avenue Universalist Sunday-school. Then the members of the program committee also hail from five different organizations, the complete list of officials being as follows:

President—Albert Scheible, 100 Lake St.
Vice-president—Miss Marion Lewis.
Secretary—Miss Flora J. Bates, 7013 Yale Ave., Englewood.
Program Committee:
Mrs. B. J. Arnold (All Souls Sunday-school).
Mr. H. C. Etten (Stewart Ave. Universalist Sunday-school).
Miss Alice L. Griggs (Unity Sunday-school).
Miss Anna M. Leary (North Side Sunday Ethical School).
Miss Belle G. Scribner (Third Unitarian Sunday-school).

Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society.—Since the annual report made last May and duly printed in the UNITY we have received the following donations toward our running expenses. It is these contributions that enable us to offer at low prices a steadily growing line of lesson-helps such as the average school could not afford to publish for itself. Our coöperating in this way enables every contributing school to help in providing the material both for itself and for a large circle of others. Happily, some other schools and individuals have already announced contributions to be sent on later in the month, and we hope that a score more will do likewise. The contributions received up to March 1 are as follows:

DONATIONS.

Schools.	
Manistee, Mich.	$ 2.
Dorchester, Mass., First Parish	2.
Baraboo, Wis.	1.
Rochester, N. Y.	5.
Geneseo, Ill.	5.
Chicago, Third Church	20.
Chicago, All Souls	20.
Chicago, Hull Memorial Chapel	5.
Luverne, Minn.	3.
Hobart, Ind.	2.50
Grand Haven, Mich.	5.
Individuals.	
Rev. Elinor E. Gordon, Iowa City, Iowa	$ 2.
Geneva Friend	1.
Rev. L. B. MacDonald, Concord, Mass.	.40
Mrs. H. B. Hoyt, Kalamazoo, Mich.	5.
	$78.90

ALBERT SCHEIBLE,
Treasurer.

Cincinnati, O.—The following will be the sermon topics for the month, in the First Congregational Church, Rev. George A. Thayer, minister:

SOME MODERN AFFIRMATIONS OF THE UNITARIAN FAITH.

March 5—"The Name Unitarian, Formerly and Now."
March 12—"Some Unitarian Martyrs."
March 19—"Human Nature not Ruined, but Incomplete."
March 26—"The Indwelling Rather than the Supernatural God."

Sunday-school at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Thayer has a Bible class at a quarter past ten every Sunday morning, to which all interested are invited.

Peace Conference.—We quote from the *Universalist Leader:* The Peace Conference, this spring, is in danger of being overshadowed, and its still, small voice drowned in the clamors of war. Dr. Hale has been a leader and oracle of the higher movements of civilization among us for half a century. He never employed his great abilities and wide influence in a worthier cause than that which now enlists them. He mentions that six reporters in as many different cities have recently waited on him to learn what his sermon was all about. "So far as I understood these gentlemen, not one of the six had ever heard of the song of the angels at the birth of Jesus, and, indeed, I think they had never heard that he was called

the Prince of Peace." The need of home missionary service could not be more signally or distressingly evinced, nor can any sober observer of events be surprised.

Unitarian.—All Souls' Church, Janesville, Wis., has extended a call to the Rev. A. G. Wilson of Decorah, Ia. Mr. Wilson's earlier pastorate was in Spokane, Wash. The Society is looking forward hopefully to an era of increased activity and prosperity. . . . Mr. Crooker is meeting with his usual success at Ann Arbor, Mich. We read of large and constantly growing congregations. He has planned a series of special services for Sunday evenings during Lent. On March 19 he exchanges with Mr. Sprague of Grand Rapids, and the whole series concludes April 2 with an Easter song service and a sermon by Mr. Crooker on "The More Glorious Hope." . . . Rev. John Snyder has resigned the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah in St. Louis to take effect in July. . . . Many of our readers will read with regret of the death of James Edward Bagley, who was best known to UNITY readers during his first pastorate at Sioux Falls, S. D., where, in 1889, he and his wife, Blanche Pentecost Bagley, were ordained together. In 1890 he accepted a call to Haverhill (Mass.) and, in 1893, went to Wollaston; to this Society he continued to minister until his death. His loss, at the early age of thirty-one, to his parish and to the ministry, which he loved, is beyond calculation. Our sympathy goes out to the young wife and the little son and daughter. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Roderick Stebbens, Rev. Herbert Mott, Rev. Francis Tiffany and the Rev. Ellery C. Butler.

Faithful Teachers.—On Saturday morning, January 28, 1899, the large building at the A. & M. College, Normal, Ala., containing the departments of carpentry, shoemaking, blacksmithing, wheelwrighting, painting, broom and mattress factory was completely destroyed by fire. On the same day fifteen teachers of the faculty came together and agreed to erect in the place of the frame building destroyed a large brick industrial building 100x40 and present it to the school. Within five days after the fire the materials were being placed on the ground and the foundation laid. Nothing of the kind has ever occurred in the history of any other institution. Let the Negro race everywhere imitate the self-sacrificing spirit of Professor Councill and these devoted teachers of the Negro A. & M. College, Normal, Ala. No school, no race can fail with such noble, generous spirits to lead.

Tuskegee, Ala.—The following declarations were heartily adopted at the recent session of the Eighth Annual Conference convened at Tuskegee:

Declarations of the Eighth Annual Tuskegee Negro Conference, February 22, 1899:

First—Notwithstanding the experiences of the past year, we urge our people not to forget that in most of the essential things which, now, to the negro, are homes, property, employment, business, education and development of moral and Christian character, we have never had greater opportunities.

Second—Since the interest of both races are one, we should cultivate, in every honorable way, the most friendly relations with our white neighbors and in turn expect them to do all in their power for our elevation, as what lifts up one lifts up the other.

Third—At least 5,000,000 negroes in the South are still unable to read or write. In some of the Southern States the race is increasing faster than it is being educated, yet the amount given per year for the education of each colored child is less than one dollar. These serious facts should lead us to make every possible sacrifice for education.

Fourth—We urge our people to look more on the serious side of life, that they may be kept from idleness and encouraged to cultivate habits of saving instead of spending so much on outward show, and we would impress all with the fact that profitable employment can only be had as we prove ourselves steady and reliable.

Fifth.—It is most important that a larger number of our educated young men and women settle among the people in the country, and teach them by precept and example, not only in education and religion, but also in farming, dairying, poultry, stock and fruit raising and buying seed. With prosperous and pleasant homes, the present tendency to the cities will be restrained.

Sixth.—We urge our people to put down denominational prejudices as they relate to public schools, to coöperate along business and educational lines without regard to church affiliations.

Seventh—We must use well the forces in hand. These will lay the foundation for securing higher privileges and opportunities.

Many bright things are said by the delegates. It was agreed by all that white people freely gave employment to colored people. The trouble is, one man said, when people are out of work it is because they are not reliable or do not know how to do the work in a satisfactory manner. One delegate said: "Mr. President, I want you to open a box of confidence and sow the seed here among our people, and soak it in bluestone water, so it won't rust; that is what our people want." Prof. Hudson said: "I keep a coal yard in Selma and my best customers are white people." A dressmaker of Birmingham said that in her work she always had plenty to do and all that was asked of her was good work. It was suggested that local conferences and similar organizations try to secure someone to give simple talks or lectures on the following subjects: How to raise pigs. What crops pay best. How to raise poultry. How to plant a garden. How to begin buying a home. The value of a diversified crop. How the wife can assist the husband. How the husband can assist the wife. The right kind of minister and teacher. How to make the house and yard beautiful. How to live at home instead of out of the store. Importance of keeping the children busy in school and out of school.

Books Received.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The Story of the Nations Series "The West Indies." By Amos Kidder Fiske, A. M.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City: "The Epistle to the Hebrews, The First Apology for Christianity." By Alexander Belmain Bruce, D. D. $2.50.

"The International Critical Commentary, A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Books of Samuel." By Henry Preserved Smith. $3.00.

"The Christian Conquest of Asia, Studies and Personal Observations of Oriental Religions," Being the Morse Lectures of 1898. By John Henry Barrows, D. D. $1.50.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. "Between Cæsar and Jesus." By George D. Herron. 75 cents.

The Open Court Publishing Company: "The Ethical Problem." By Dr. Paul Carus. 50 cents.

PAMPHLETS.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M. Published by C. V. Waite & Co.

Three Wishes.

An infant in its cradle slept,
And in its sleep it smiled—
And one by one three women knelt
To kiss the fair-haired child;
And each thought of the days to be
And breathed a prayer, half silently.

One poured her love on many lives,
But knew love's toil and care;
Its burdens oft had been to her
A heavy weight to bear;
She stooped and murmured lovingly,
"Not burdened hands, dear child, for thee."

One had not known the burdened hands,
But knew the empty heart;
At life's banquet she had set
An unfed guest apart;
"Oh, not," she whispered tenderly,
"An empty heart, dear child, for thee."

And one was old; she had known care,
She had known loneliness;
She knew God leads us by no path
His presence cannot bless;
She smiled, and murmured trustfully,
"God's will, dear child, God's will for thee."

—*Kate Tucker Goode, in Alkahest.*

Queen Victoria much prefers a lamp to gas or electricity for her own use, and thereby hangs a tale. She was reading one evening, with several of the household in attendance, when the lamp near began to smoke. To the horror and astonishment of the company, the Queen raised her august hand and turned down the flames. "Your Majesty," said the lady in waiting, "why did you trouble to do that yourself?" "Because," said the Queen, "if I had called out, 'this lamp is smoking,' one of you ladies would have said to the equerry, 'See! the lamp is smoking!' and the equerry would have called to the nearest servant, 'The Queen's lamp is smoking!' and that servant would have called out to a footman to attend to it, and all the time the lamp would have gone on smoking; so I preferred to turn it down myself."—*Exchange.*

Mr. Salter's two addresses, the one on "Imperialism" and the other on "England in 1776 and America in 1899," printed in UNITY, have been put in pamphlet form and can be obtained from the publisher of this paper. Price, 5 cents.

DESIRABLE persons, caring to live in a Social Settlement, can obtain board and rooms at reasonable rates at the Helen Heath Settlement, connected with All Souls Church, Chicago. Apply to MRS. M. H. PERKINS, 869 33d Place. Mrs. Perkins will be at home Sunday afternoons, March 12th and 19th.

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The Plantations and lots to be given away will consist of only **one-fifth** of our property, the remaining **four-fifths** we shall hold for the Company's profit, to be sold in the future **at enormously increased values.**

Large and diversified ownership, by energetic and enterprising Americans, will make all of our property worth, in five years, **fifty times what it is to-day**—hence our offer. Such a field of wealth has never before been opened. It may mean a **fortune to you;** it certainly means happiness, comfort, and a competence to those who accept our offer **now.**

$300 to $1500 PER ACRE.

can be made from Cuban land, raising **Sugar, Tobacco, Coffee, Oranges, Cocoanuts, Pineapples, Bananas, Figs, Citron,** and all **early vegetables.** Three crops per year. No frost, a beautiful, healthful climate, under **American system of government;** a life on the richest and most fertile Island in the world. **Forty acres will make you a fortune in a few years.** Five acres a competence for life. We start you on the road to this. Why toil, and starve, and freeze, when, by at once taking advantage of this offer, you can reap a golden harvest, and live a life of comparative ease.

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Our offer is open to all except girls or boys under 16, or paupers. We want people with ambition and energy. Those who have something and want to see that something grow into a splendid and easy livelihood.

CONDITIONS. There are absolutely **NO** conditions that cannot be complied with. You are not required to move there, to improve in any way except at your own pleasure, though we prefer that you should.

EXCURSIONS will be run several times yearly by steamships, for the benefit of stockholders and land owners. These excursions will be either given in one of our own steamships, or one chartered for the purpose at actual cost of transportation and food.

TO-DAY is the day to answer this advertisement to secure its full benefits. Should your application be too late to receive the full benefits then the money will be returned. Send 25 cents, stamps or silver. Address,

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NULLIFICATION AND SECESSION

IN THE UNITED STATES

A History of the Six Attempts during the First Century of the Republic.

By EDWARD PAYSON POWELL.

Published by G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK, Price $2.00.

The *New York Sun* devotes to its review a whole page.

The *Virginia Historical Magazine* says: "The book is replete with information and interest."

JUDGE GEDDES of Michigan says: "The clear, terse, and vigorous style in which it is written is most admirable, and will give it not only popularity, but permanent value. It is as fascinating as a novel."

JUDGE BALDWIN of Indiana, writes a long review in which he says: "Mr. Powell has made a distinct and valuable contribution to our history. The book is full of profound and suggestive thoughts, and no one can rise from its perusal any more than from that other book, 'Our Heredity from God,' without new ideas and increased respect for its author's ability and industry."

EX-GOVERNOR HOYT, chairman of the committee of one hundred on the National University, writes: "The volume should be read by all Americans. The time has come when the whole broad question of difference between North and South should be justly dealt with, and you have bravely and handsomely led the way."

B. O. FLOWER, founder of the *Arena*, says: "I am delighted with your work. Not only the last chapter which is one of the best things I ever read; but, the entire volume is eminently fair, and your grasp of the subject broad and comprehensive."

LYON G. TYLER, president of William and Mary College, writes: "I am much gratified at the great amount of judicial investigation, so different from the old partisan spirit."

The *Outlook* says: "Nullification and Secession in the United States is a book to be read."

The *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, says: "There is neither partisanship nor sectionalism in the book. Mr. Powell states that his purpose is to write as an American, and not as a Northerner of the six attempts at nullification and secession in the United States. He has succeeded in this endeavor. Mr. Powell has made a valuable contribution to history."

PROF. JANES of Cambridge, Mass., writes: "I could not lay it down until I had finished it."

JAMES SCHOULER, president of the American Historical Association, writes: "I am impressed by your vigorous treatment and fertile suggestiveness. I welcome you to this field of authorship."

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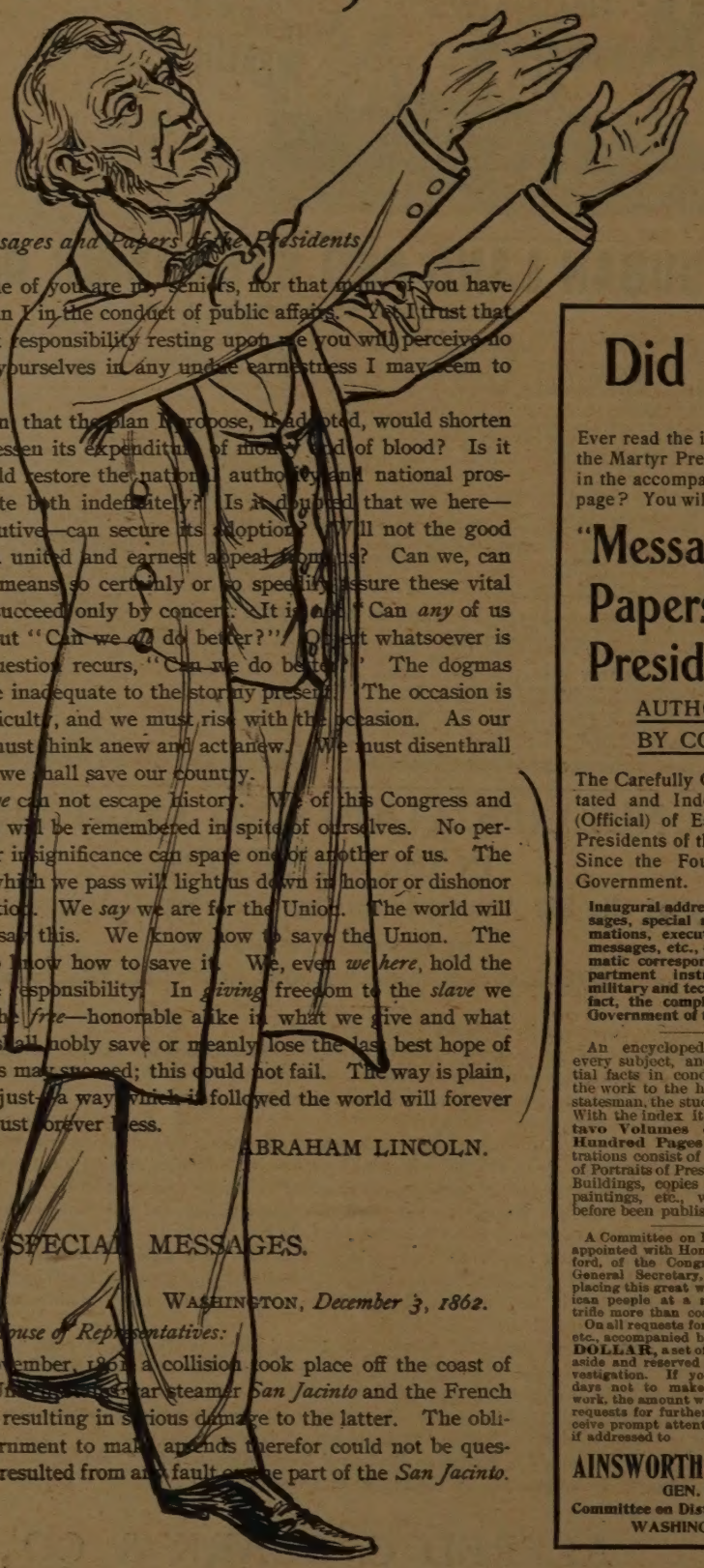

142 *Messages and Papers of the Presidents*

do I forget that some of you are my seniors, nor that many of you have more experience than I in the conduct of public affairs. Yet I trust that in view of the great responsibility resting upon me you will perceive no want of respect to yourselves in any undue earnestness I may seem to display.

Is it doubted, then, that the plan I propose, if adopted, would shorten the war, and thus lessen its expenditure of money and of blood? Is it doubted that it would restore the national authority and national prosperity and perpetuate both indefinately? Is it doubted that we here—Congress and Executive—can secure its adoption? Will not the good people respond to a united and earnest appeal from us? Can we, can they, by any other means so certainly or so speedily assure these vital objects? We can succeed only by concert. It is not "Can *any* of us *imagine* better?" but "Can we all do better?" Object whatsoever is possible, still the question recurs, "Can we do better?" The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

Fellow-citizens, *we* can not escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We *say* we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We, even *we here*, hold the power and bear the responsibility. In *giving* freedom to the *slave* we *assure* freedom to the *free*—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which if followed the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SPECIAL MESSAGES.

WASHINGTON, *December 3, 1862.*

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

On the 3d of November, 1861, a collision took place off the coast of Cuba between the United States war steamer *San Jacinto* and the French brig *Jules et Marie*, resulting in serious damage to the latter. The obligation of this Government to make amends therefor could not be questioned if the injury resulted from any fault on the part of the *San Jacinto*.

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Ever read the inspired words of the Martyr President, bracketed in the accompanying fac-simile page? You will find them in the

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THE SAFE SIDE.

A THEISTIC REFUTATION OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

By RICHARD M. MITCHELL.

Summary of Contents.—The accidental origin of the Christian Religion. The part taken by John the Baptist; his incentive to action; church neglect of him, and why. Origin of the word Christian. Why Christ was crucified. The teachings of Christ. Adoption of the books of the Old Testament enforced by Christ quoting them. Why so much of Paul and so little of Peter. Why Peter's Gospel was suppressed. Paul's recantation. The ascension. The origin, authorship and service of the Fourth Gospel. The need of faith. Westminster Catechism. Evident shame of the many authors of the Thirteenth Article of Religion. Why the sharp curtailment of the Epistle of James. Inertia of ideas. Importance of Inherited ideas, and the mental laws by which their errors are corrected. Guiding nature of the mental faculties. Courage, memory, imagination and conscience derived through other faculties; action of the latter. Natural depravity. Origin of money. Transformation of idle savages into laborers. Far-reaching effect of a certain edict of Justinian. Cause of the universality of Trinitarianism. Heroism and extinction of the Samaritans. Glimpses of New Testament accounts in the works of Josephus. The same circumstance started both Paul and Josephus on a journey to Rome; both were shipwrecked, etc. Two mentions of Jesus in the New Testament more accurately fit another Jesus mentioned by Josephus. An Egyptian mentioned by Josephus was undoubtedly Christ. (See Acts xxi, 38; Matt. ii, 15.) The "Testimony" an admitted interpolation. The words "who was called Christ," and the probable original words. Triplicate association of ideas suggest that Jesus may have had a rival in the person of Judas mentioned in Acts v, 37. Josephus' account of Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes, and eulogy of the latter; why that sect not mentioned in the new testament. Worldliness, Conversion, Immortality, closing with Supernatural Supervision.

LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

Mr. Clement Warren, Brooklyn, New York City.

I have just completed for the seventh time a reading of your cogent work entitled "The Safe Side." Every time that I have read the work I have realized its excellence more and more. On each occasion new features have developed. Each page furnishes food for thought, and each chapter (or less) provides a mental meal which absolutely needs digestion and deep reflection before proceeding further. It is a work replete with facts clearly stated and irresistibly put. They may be ignored but cannot be refuted. The information I have gained from reading "The Safe Side" equals the sum total of all that I was possessed of previous to my first reading of it. It throws a flood of light on the subject which only the wilfully blind can ignore, and as a compendium of tersely put truths, is one of the best I have ever read on any subject.

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, psychology, becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasizes strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club houses" and the ministry, which to him appears a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

From Andrew D. White, LL.D., ex-President of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I have delayed acknowledging your book until I could have the opportunity to give it a more careful examination. I have now done so, and wish to thank you for it heartily. It seems to me full of valuable information which persons studying the great question to which you refer should have at their command. It also seems very suggestive of thought, and likely to bear useful fruit among investigators.

Any one who in these days is willing to give his labor to opening up these great subjects to the light is, in my opinion, rendering a great service to Christianity itself—a service which, however much it may be depreciated now, will be honored later, when the leaders of thought shall have given the honest attention to the whole subject which it dererves.

Mr. Edward Howe, New York City.

I have given your book a third reading and admire it more than ever. * * * Such a book as yours is greatly needed to clear the theological atmosphere, and I hope it will be very widely circulated. * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Converson," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

From the Boston "Investigator."

Mr. Mitchell has done the cause of Liberalism a great service in his noble work. He has assumed that the truth is a better guide than falsehood, and that it is safe to know the truth and to tell it. There is no subject about which there is more of darkness, of ignorance, of error, than the one he has undertaken to clear up—the divinity of Jesus. Mr. Mitchell has studied the gospels and contemporaneous literature with one end in view—that of finding the truth. He has brought to his study a candid mind, a scholar's critical judgment and a philosopher's spirit. He has sifted the material bearing upon his subject, and arranged and presented the facts, as far as they could be ascertained, in a way to secure the attention of the reader, and to carry conviction to the impartial and unprejudiced mind. His masterly presentation of the superstitions and ideas which culminated in the declaration that Jesus was divine, throws new light on the gospels, and helps to make clear what has heretofore been dark and mysterious. "The Safe Side" is a good book to have in your library. It is original, able and thoroughly liberal in its treatment of the subject.

From The Chicago "Tribune."

* * * "The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack," by those students of the scriptures and the history of the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints."

* * * But the work should be read by doctors of the church, and able educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject. * *

From the Chicago "Times."

* * * Such a book as indicated is "The Safe Side," by Richard M. Mitchell, of this city. * * * But in all this terribly destructive criticism it is manifest that the writer entertains the simplest and most reverent belief in God, and in the unbroken life and development of the human soul throughout eternity. To him the distinction between good and evil is clear, notwithstanding the extinction of Christianity, as a system in his belief. Sin, wrong, he does not believe can be forgiven, but its penalty must be borne in remorse, retarded growth, etc. * * Read his book. * * *

The most remarkable features of the book are its simplicity of manner, its utter fearlessness of candor, its freedom from anything like a spirit of bitterness. It is a book that will be denounced by every orthodox speaker or writer, but they should not forget that denunciation is often, like a demurrer in legal proceedings, an admission of facts, and nearly always amounts to begging the question at issue. It is a book which for its matter, its thought, to say nothing of its manner, is thoroughly worthy of equally simple and complete refutation, if any one can achieve it.

The book is printed on best laid paper, cloth binding, 475 pages, 12 mo. **Price, 1.50,** delivered prepaid to all points by mail or express.

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